

T H E
LUSCIOUS POET:
O R,
Venus's Miscellany.

*We Publishers the Town's FALSE TASTE must hit;
The Book is damn'd that's wrote with Sterling Wit.
The learned Bard his Reader sore perplexes;
The LUSCIOUS POET pleases both the Sexes:
Dull Sermons are mere Drugs, laid by for Waste,
While such a Work as This suits EV'RY TASTE.
Each Charming Page attracts a Thousand Eyes,
And, as they gaze, their Inclinations rise,
And he who reads ONE PAGE ---- most surely buys.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DORMER at the Star and
Garter, over-against the Castle Tavern in
Fleetstreet. 1732.

[Price One Shilling.]

T H E

Luscious Poet:

O R,

Venus's Miscellany.



He Publishes the famous FAIRIE TASTE and his
 The Poet is known to be a most daring Wit.
 The learned have his Poems for a Treasure;
 The Luscious Poet speaks with the same
 Dull Sense as the more Dull, said to be for Wages.
 He has a Taste in this last Every Taste
 And Concludes with a Thorough Fair
 And in the end, with Impudence and
 And he was with One Page --- most happy.



L O N D O N .

Printed for T. DORMER at the Star and
 Garter, over-against the Coffee Tavern in
 Fleetstreet. 1737.

[Price One Shilling]



The COMET. I

*To a Divine, on his saying, He had
seen every THING but a COMET.*

Great has your Pleasure, Doctor, been,
You Nature's choicest Works have seen,
All, but a COMET * * * * * and
Would Nature by her dread Command,
One of her long-tail'd Children bring,
You might say, *You've seen every THING.*

If so — you must have, Doctor, seen,
All SARAH hides in QUILT'D GREEN;
I long to know now it appear'd —
A COMET has a *Flaming Beard*,
'Tis *Comet-like*, if I guess right,
At once 'twill entertain and fright;
'Tis *Comet-like*, agreed by all,
And seldom seen, but *Great Men fall*.

To **A** *World*

*To the Ingenious LADY, the Author of the
Progress of POETRY.*

LONG has the Praise of Women been my
Theme ;

What moves our Love, shou'd merit our
Esteem :

But now, behold ! fresh Scenes of Wonder rise,
Engage each Heart, and pleasingly surprize.

Fir'd by the Strokes of thy inspiring Art,
How shall the Muse such various Charms im-
part ?

Lend me thy flowing Thought and Genius free ;
For sure, no Muse, but Thine, can Copy
Thee : —

A Female Softness all thy Lines dispense,
Yet each with Strength abounds, and Manly
Sense :

What melting Warmth adorns thy rising Song !
How deeply clear ! and how serenely strong !

Thy Characters so just ! 'tis hard to say
Who was the skilful Painter, You or They :
Such Judgment in thy noble Choice appears
As Fame shall echo thro' revolving Years :
If HUGHES and POPE had labour'd both to
show,

How much to *British* Bards the World does
owe,

They



Or, *Venus's Miscellany.*

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They cou'd not have display'd their boundless
Praise,

In Strains more strong than thy Immortal Lays.
Traced in your Verse with Charms for ever
new,

Whilst we the Muses' *shining Path* pursue,
Her brightest Genius we behold in You.

But why, O! why, didst thou conceal the
Name,

From whence this Object of our wonder came?
Was it to still the noisy Voice of Fame?

If so; in vain, bright Nymph, in vain you try
To hide such Glory from the piercing Eye:
The *mimick* Shades thy dazzling Worth betray,
Which bursts upon us in a Flood of Day.

So when the Sun lies hid behind a Cloud,
How sad, how heavy looks the gazing Crowd!
Yet soon his Beams, with nobler Vigor hurl'd,
Break thro' the Gloom and cheer the droop-
ing World.

Such signal Worth, how modest to disown,
Yet by that Modesty it brighter shone.—

No longer then the Writer's Name conceal,
For his own Rays the God of Wit reveal.

With what pathetick* Grief we heard Thee
mourn

At HUGHES's humble, tho' distinguish'd,
Urn!

Touch'd

* Alluding to a Copy of VERSES by the same LADY
to the Memory of Mr. HUGHES.

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Touch'd by thy Hand, the ready Tears still
flow,

And my soft Soul melts at another's Woe—
Affecting Objects gen'rous Tempers move,
As absent Lovers weep at Tales of Love.

Hail Glory of thy Sex! Let others tell
How you the brightest of that Sex excel;
Unequal, see, the trembling Muse retires,
And leaves that Task to more exalted Lyres.
Enough for me, that Beauty's winning Smile
Attracts the Muses to our gen'rous Isle.

By Them adorn'd, *Britannia's* boasted Fair
At once delight the Eye, and charm the Ear:
Whenever they sing, what pleasing Raptures
move

The rudest Breast to Harmony and Love!
When with soft Touch they strike the warbling
Lyre,

What Passions languish, and what Sounds in-
spire!

Warm'd by their Musick, we confess their
Pow'r:
More conscious of their Worth, we love the
more;

And the dear Charmers, next to Heav'n, a-
dore.

Wit's sprightly Wreaths their blooming
Temples grace;

The brightest Mind suits best the fairest Face—
A Native Sweetness in their Thoughts we see,
Gay as the Spring, and elegantly free:

Their

Or, *Venus's Miscellany.*

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Their Sentiments (how just ! yet how refin'd !)
By Art and Nature captivate the Mind !
With what Politeness all their Writings shine,
What gen'rous Spirit glows in ev'ry Line,
An easy Vigour and a Warmth divine !
What tender Turns their soft'ning Souls impart,
And move the Passions but to mend the Heart !

While *English Sappho's* in such lofty Strains
Awake the Lyre, and charm the listning Swains:
Let all the Sons of *Phæbus* join their Praise,
And to the Female Bard resign the Bays.

Henceforth, ye Woman-haters, cease to rail
O'er slanderous Tongues let *Mira's* Worth pre-
vail.

'Tis now by all confess'd, that Womans Mind
For high Attempts indulgent Heav'n design'd.
How boldly *Boadicea* rous'd the Plain !
What just Applause did wise *Elisa* gain !
What Triumphs grac'd great ANN's di-
stinguish'd Reign !

Ev'n now, while *GEORGE* retires to Foreign
Shores,

And *CAROLINE* her absent Lord deplores,
Three Nations bless her mild auspicious Sways,
With Smiles she rules, with Pleasure we obey.

Vain Beauty, boast no more thy fading
Charms ;

A nobler Flame the Loyer's Bosom warms :
Thy vanquish'd Smile a fainter Lustre shows,
While Female Wit in softest Numbers flows,
And with immortal Charms divinely glows :

Our

Our Love, no longer to the Face confin'd,
 Does now obey the Beauties of the Mind.
 So shines the Moon amid the Shades of Night,
 While wand'ring Travellers admire her Light:
 But when the Sun's unrival'd Glories rise,
 And scatter Day along th' awaken'd Skies,
 Her fading Beams with conscious Shame decay,
 Sicken at his Approach, and die away.

PARTHENIA TO DORINDA.

DORINDA now a mighty Queen you reign,
 Your Throne is in the Heart of ev'ry
 Swain ;

With strict Observance they each Motion eye,
 You Smile, they live ; but if you frown, they
 die.

The cringing Creatures, fearful to complain,
 Only to lifeless Things relate their Pain :
 They bid soft *Zephyrs* whisper in your Ear,
 How much they love, and yet how much they
 fear ;

And if one bolder shou'd his Love declare,
 How warily does he approach the Fair,
 Lest any Word too harsh offend your Ear. }

If he a Favour ne'er so small obtain,
 'T would well reward a Hundred Years of Pain.
 O'er his glad Heart you hold a boundless Sway,
 When you command, he's proud he may obey.

But

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 9

But, my *Dorinda*, from the very Hour, now
When first you give your Hand, you lose your
Pow'r; and you'll find, whene'er you change
your Life,
You cannot be a Mistress, and a Wife;
Your Charms, I own, might e'en a Hermet
move;
But that dull thing, a Wife! a Husband can-
not love:
Narcissus like, he cannot pine and mean,
And doat on what he knows to be His own.
The Eye, where once he us'd to read his Fate,
Must now upon his ev'ry Motion wait:
The strict Observance which you to him lent,
Must be repaid beneath his Government:
The Mouth which us'd such humble Things
to say,
Will dare to tell — *You're bound, and shall obey:*
'Tis just that ev'ry Dog shou'd have his Day.

ODE on a Young LADY.

HER Neck's too Slender yet to bear
The Yoke, she must in Wedlock wear;
Nor can she yet sustain the Weight
And Force of her too pow'rful Mate.
Now she's in Fields, now Meadows green,
Now standing in some River seen;

B

Now

Now with young Heifers too and fro,
 She's Scamp'ring, where the Willows grow.
 Lust not to squeeze the Grope that's green,
 Which in next *Autumn* will be seen
 Plump, and distinguish'd by its Blue;
 And when she's ripe, she'll follow you.

 For Time that swiftly flies, will add
 Those Years to her, which you have had;
 Her Husband then she'll put in mind,
 With wanton Motions, to be kind,
 And *Lalage* more lov'd shall be,
 Than *Cbloris*, or coy *Phoebe*;
 Whose Shoulder Shines, and seem to be
 Like Moon-light glist'ning on the Sea:
 Or *Gyges*, who, among the Fair,
 Deceives you so, you scarce can tell,
 Whether he's more the Beau or Belle,

ON one side *Leonilla's* blind,
 As *Acon* is on t'other;
 Yet we can scarce a Blemish find
 In *Acon*, or his Mother.

But give, sweet Boy, thy single Eye
 To make thy Mother's two;
 Then she with *Venus'* self shall vie,
 And with blind *Cupid* you.

*An Extempore Answer to a Letter from a
LADY, sign'd DORINDA.*

DORINDA, Damon does not fly
For Fear of his Own Ruin;
That which weighs more, should he comply,
Wou'd be, the drawing you in.
This must, (but Love, alas! is blind)
Of Consequence ensue,
That what unites us when disjoin'd,
When join'd wou'd make us Two.
Then, since our Friendship and our Love
Must inconsistent be,
Let's both endeavour to improve,
In what we both agree.

Wrote by a Youth to a Young LADY.

GO, feeble Tyrant, and in vain,
Thy fruitless Conquests boast;
The Slave, who once has felt the Chain,
Enjoys his Freedom most,
Exert, alas! thy harmless Hate,
Thy Frowns and cold Disdain;
Since double Pleasure they create.
To think 'em spent in vain.

The

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The Sailor thus of Danger free,

~~From the securer Shore~~

Looks back, and hugs himself to see

The Storms he felt before:

~~LADY, Lord DORING.~~

Women and Wine. An EPIGRAM.

TWAS a Doubt in Debate among Sages

(of yore, alas, love, this must)

Whether Women, or Wine, had more absolute Power;

Now had I been the Judge, when the Matter

was done, had I been our friendship and

Not one had been wiser, than when it begun;

For how can Man tell, which the strongest to

call, in wine we both agree.

When with the same Ease, both can give him

a Fall?

To a LADY in Love with another.

WHY shou'd I think to gain thee o'er,
And not my Passion smother?

If 'tis so hard to gain, much more

To dispossess another.

I must, I must her Passion move,

My Fate so like her own is;

Per-

Perhaps I may o'ertake my Love,

— Whilst she pursues *Adonis*.

But if the more prevailing Boy

Shall still in Favour grow;

I'll try to cure my Wound, and say,

The Scar came by a BLOW.

On a LADY's erasing the Picture of
BATHSHEBA bathing, represented in a
Snuff-Box.

I.

WHEN *Cynthia* saw *Bathsheba's* Charms,
In wanton Colours drest,

Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,

I dare not name the rest!

II.

The blushing envious, angry Maid

Observ'd with various Passions tost,

To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd,

Those Beauties, she alone could boast.

III.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,

To check the curious Painter's Pride,

To veil those Charms, she only knew,

Those Beauties only she could hide.

IV.

'Tis well enamour'd, *Damon* cry'd,

E'en let the paltry Copy fall,

By You the Loss is well supply'd,

In You we find the Original.

To

To CELIA, whose churlish Husband was
drowned at Sea.

AS Neptune, driving with his Steeds,
Observ'd the Seas to rise,
He Venus cover'd o'er with Weeds
In Floods of Tears espies.
What gives the Fair One this Distress,
Quoth Neptune, wont to frown;
It is, says she, a Cause no less
Then if it were my Own.
If yonder Triton can defy
The Charms in Celia's Face,
My Empire's at an End, and I
Must sink with this Disgrace.
Cease, quoth the God, your Flood and Fear,
He for his senseless Deeds
Shall feel the Force of every Tear.
And she shall wear your Weeds.

On his Mistress's Favours.

LIKE Alexander, Celia spreads her Power,
Like him, she makes the Vassal-World
adore;
But, ah! like him, to sooth a proud Desire,
First conquers Towns, then sets those Towns on
Fire. On

On LAURINDA.

WHEN Nature fram'd *Laurinda*, heavenly fair,
 With each attractive Charm, and winning Air,
Minerva's Eloquence refin'd her Tongue,
 Charm'd in her Speech, and warbled in her
 Song;
 Imperial Majesty from *Juno* came,
 Sooth'd with the softness of the *Cyprian* Dame.
 O! wou'd some other Powers employ their
 Care
 To make her kind, as these have made her
 fair,
 That single Act should all the rest out-shine,
 And make the fair Perfection all Divine.

On JULIA playing at Snow-Ball with a Gentleman.

AS *Julia* on a Winter's Day,
 Did with a Swain at Snow-Ball play,
 The unexpected Ball she threw,
 Kindled and heated as it flew;
 And in his Breast the liquid Flame,
 Confest the Hand from whence it came.
 Where shall I safe from *Cupid* go,
 If Flames of Love can lurk in Snow?
 Your only way to quench my Flame,
 Is, *Julia*, to return the same.

The

The BEE and CUPID. From THEOCRITUS.

AS *Cupid* in a flow'ry Valley stray'd,
 Where Bees around their Hives in
 Clusters play'd,
 The Honey's fragrant Scent allur'd his Nose,
 And to the Hive, the grooping Archer goes.
 Boldly he thrusts his roguish Fingers in —
 Nor in that Heaven of Sweets could fear a
 Sting —
 But soon he merited, and met his Fate,
 Repenting of his Roguery too late ;
 And now, in vain, he frets, he stamps, he tears
 The flowing Honours of his waving Hairs ;
 Deep is the Wound, alas ! what can he do !
 Revenge he vows, but then he fears the Foe.
 Now, swift as Thought, to *Ida's Grove* he flies,
 And thus, complaining, to his Mother cries :
 Alas ! Mamma, what Pain my Hand endures !
 O take it, kiss it, cool it, rub't with yours.
 Searching for Honey, I this Torment found,
 Small was the Author, but O ! deep the Wound —
 To whom the Mother Goddess thus reply'd,
 Unkindly laughing, while poor *Cupid* cry'd.
 Fie, fie, is this your Courage, mighty Love !
 And is a Bee a stronger Foe than *Jove* ?
 Hence Child, compassionate each Lover's
 Heart,

Since you are conquer'd by so small a Dart.

Acon

ACON and LAVINIA. A Love-Tale.

AMONG the Nymphs, who random Con-
quests boast,

Lavinia spreads the careless Triumph most :
Flush'd with immortal Bloom, where'er she
moves,

All Eyes adore, and each beholder loves :
Free from Concern she seems, while Crowd,
admire ;

And with unconscious Beauty wakes Desire :
Unrival'd in the heedless Art to please,
Pain to all Hearts she gives, her own at Ease.

The Crowd of Females shine in gay Brocades,
And half their Charms are lost in Lights and
Shades :

Hid in the rich Embarrassments of Art,
A Nymph is of herself the smallest Part :

Lavinia not with diamond Stars is drest,
Nor Rubies bleed in Croslets on her Breast :
The *Persian* Loom and glitt'ring Tissue scorn'd,
She boasts more envied Graces unadorn'd :
No Aid from Cost she needs, for Nature's Care
With a free Hand indulg'd her to be Fair.

Her glossy Tresses wear the golden Hue ;
The Lustre ! which in Sunny Rays we view :

Her rosy Cheek a genuine Vermeil dyes :
 And a bright Blue the fluid in her Eyes !
 Behold her Bosom, an expanded White,
 Opening at large ! the Prospect of Delight !
 The finish'd Figure, not retouch'd by Art,
 Imprints a lasting Image on the Heart.

This matchless Nymph, e'er Nature's genial
 Fire
 Warm'd her unripen'd Bosom to Desire,
 By virgin Legends to Disdain betray'd,
 Had vow'd to live, and vow'd to die a Maid :
 From Man and *Hymen's* dreaded Rites she flew,
 A Rebel to the joys she never knew ;
 Resolv'd her Sex's Fortune not to share,
 And shun alike the Folly and the Care :
 Fond of sequestred Scenes, from Noise remov'd,
 The shady Wood and limpid Stream she lov'd ;
 Oft seen a Huntress in the shady Wood,
 And often bathing in the limpid Flood :
 Now, with the Morn she chased the flying
 Fawns,
 Thro' the green Meadows, and the shrubby
 Lawns ;
 Now, lost in Thought, and pleas'd alone to
 stray,
 Thro' silent Shades she marks her pathless
 Way :
 But while thro' Nature's works she joys to rove,
 She never thinks of Nature's Parent, Love.

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 19

The Scene, that bless'd *Lavinia's* leisure,
: smil'd
With Hills, and Vales, and Woods; a bloom-
ing wild!
She shunn'd the sultry Ray in *Jassmyn* Bowers;
She trod on Carpets of sweet-smelling Flowers;
Where'er she turns, luxuriant Landscips rise,
And still she breaths in aromatick Skies;
For with the Day spontaneous Sweets are born,
And shed the fragrant Freshness of the Morn:
Ecchos and rude Cascades are heard around,
While with soft Murmurs, thro' th' enchanted
Ground,
A winding riv'let shapes its silver Flow,
And shows a shining Bed of Sands below:
Wide-brancing Trees are rang'd on either side;
The branching Shadows tremble in the Tide.

This chaste Recess, this unfrequented Shade,
By Day for Nymphs, by Night for Faries made,
Lavinia's Hours, devoid of Care, employs,
And sooths her Soul with fond romantick Joys:
Oft in the silver Stream herself she views;
And often pleas'd, her Likeness oft renews;
There, Grace in dress she learn'd, in motion
Ease;
And practis'd, tho' she knew not why, to
please:
Now, some poetick Tale her Mind relieves;
And now she baths; and now the Garland
weaves;

A thou-

A thousand Follies, to amuse, she tries ;
 A thousand different Ways from Love she flies :
 But all her thousand Follies fruitless prove,
 And all the Arts, she tries, are Snares of Love.

A youthful Suitor, *Acon*, was his Name,
 Tho' hopeless to approve his faithful Flame,
 Languish'd her Beauties naked to explore,
 And still the more he saw, he languish'd more.
 Within a secret Grotto, clandestine laid,
 Oft when she bath'd, he view'd the heavn'ly

Maid :
 His piercing Eye ran quick o'er every Part,
 And took in all *Lavinia*, but her Heart ;
 As Painters Master-works, he scans her o'er,
 And dwells on Beauties unobsery'd before ;
 And spies out Graces, thro' her fruitless Frame
 So cast in Shades, so nice, they want a Name.

Of all, who strove, *Lavinia*'s Heart to gain,
 She heard with least Reluctance *Acon*'s Pain ;
 Not proud to scorn, not kind to ease his Fate ;
 Averse to Love, but wanting Power to hate ;
 His growing Virtues lavish to commend,
 She wish'd those Virtues in a female Friend ;
 All she could give, she gave ; and strove to
 show,
 She was not *Acon*'s, but his Passions Foe.

Once

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 21

Once on a Day, a most auspicious Day!
While in his Grotte the longing Lover lay,
She came, her wonted Hour, to bath undrest;
Misdeeming nought, she loos'd her flowing
Vest;
Her Vest by wanton Winds was wav'd aside,
And only fann'd the Limbs, it us'd to hide:
The needful Covering, now, a-part she threw,
And gave her spotless Form entire to view:
A Blaze of Charms, unveil'd, the vestal shows,
And Beauties in a bright Assemblage rose:
A while, her watry Picture she survey'd,
Pleas'd with the fair Creation which she made;
Then, stepping in, defac'd the rival shade:
Confiding to the Stream, around her throng
The liquid Waves, and bear the Nymph along;
Her pliant Limbs the liquid Waves divide,
And shine, like polish'd Marble, thro' the
Tide;
As Lillies, clos'd in Chrystal, court the sight
With a new Lustre, and a purer White.

And now her sportive Exercise is o'er:
Cool from the Stream she seeks the flowery
Shore
Stretch'd on the tender Herb, with Cowslips
spread,
Her ivory Arm supports her bending Head;
And now soft Sleep, Her softer Soul disarms,
And triumphs o'er Her unmisgiving Charms:
Half

Half naked, cover'd half, supine she lay,
 In sight of *Acon*, and the Face of Day: ○
 How should th' impatient Youth an Object
 bear,
 Distracting Sight! so opportunely fair!
 Forth from the Grotte he springs, resolves to
 prove
 The lucky Hour, if such there be in Love;
 Resolv'd, howe'er, his certain Fate to try;
 To live belov'd, or by her scorn to die.

Her near Beauties give him new Surprize:
 He Views her all at large, except her Eyes;
 Her Eyes alone the Power of Sleep withdrew;
 He view'd her Lips; but could not only view;
 He gently stoop'd, and fearful of the Bliss,
 Ravish'd with doubtful Joy a hasty Kiss:
 The Virgin started, and back sprung the Swain,
 With Fear half-dying, but his Fear was vain;
 For 'twas not the kind Kiss, that made her
 start;
 'Twas not the Kiss, that trembled from her
 Heart.

The slighted God of Love, who long ad-
 drest

His Shafts in vain against *Linia*'s Breast,
 Had sent a Dream, her Fancy to dismay,
 While fetter'd in the Chain of Sleep she lay;
 Before her stands the Image of a Rape,
 And shows the Ravisher in *Acon*'s Shape;

The

The strong Delusion pains th' enamour'd Boy,
Eager to seize, and rushing to his Joy:
She shudders at the Crime, and fain would fly;
Her Feet seem fastened, and the flight deny:
Now, his fierce Grasp she struggles to elude,
Now, breathless lies, and seems to Love sub-
du'd :

The Phantom with such Energy deceiv'd,
Her Colour varied, and her Bosom heav'd,
And broken Sighs, and troubled Murmurs rose;
No dubious Tokens of her fancied Woes.

Acon perceiv'd the Tumult of her Mind,
And what the Dream suggested, half divin'd:
What could he do to strengthen the Deceit,
And to her waking Heart her Fears repeat?
Led by his happy Guess, and from Despair
Grown cunning to contrive, and apt to dare;
His Vestments loose he threw, and aim'd to
seem

Some lustful God, fresh-rising from the Stream:
Panting and new from flushing Joys he show'd,
And with dissembled Heat his Features glow'd:
Th' Event may happy or unhappy prove,
Precipitate her Hate, or speed his Love:
Then boldly let him give his Fancy Scope:
He needs not fear, who is depriv'd of Hope.

Now, from the Virgin's Eyes the Slumber
fell,
And love ayeng'd dissolves the drowsy Spell:
Her

Her Lover seen, she sickens at the sight,
 And her pale Cheeks confess a wild affright,
 She shuns his Look, her Eyes in doubtful
 Tears ;

Her Eyes see only to confirm her Fears ;
 Her Posture, and her Dress, the Place, the
 Youth,

Assist the Fraud, and give it Force like Truth,
 Sunk in Confusion, and oppress'd with Shame :
 She now no longer doubts her injur'd Fame :
 On Rage at first her frantic Thoughts are bent ;
 But soon, alas ! her idle Rage is spent :
 She pines, she droops, desponding of Relief,
 And all her Passions soften into Grief :
 Speechless a-while, with downcast Looks she lies
 The silent Anguish streaming from her Eyes :
 At length her Head the afflicted Nymph up-
 rears,
 And adds these moving Accents to her Tears.

If Wrongs are doom'd, for Crimes unknown
 to me ;
 Yet do I deserve those Wrongs from thee ?
 Go, base Pretender to a Lover's Name ;
 False to thy Vows, and Traitor to thy Flame !
 Inhuman Youth, my ravish'd Fame restore :
 But ravish'd Fame, alas ! returns no more.
 Ye Heav'n's, if Innocence deserves your Care,
 Why have you made it fatal to be Fair ?
 Base Man the Ruin of our Sex is born :
 The beautiful are his Prey, the rest his Scorn,
 Alike

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 25

Alike unfortunate, our Fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

The *Cyprian* Queen, who gives in Love Success
And guides the lucky Seasons of Address,
Beheld with pitying Eyes *Lavinia's* Grief,
And by a Power divine apply'd Relief:
In that bless'd Hour she taught her fav'rite
Swain

The frightful Vision kindly to explain,
And gave him Skill to plead a Lover's Pain,
The long perplex'd Delusion first he clear'd,
And freed her Mind from half the Ills she fear'd;
Then spoke his Passion with such tender Art,
The melting Inspiration touch'd her Heart;
The Thoughts, that did before her Terror
move,
Are Reasons now to sway her Soul to love.

Now, *Acon*, the coy Nymph is wholly thine:
Nor will her Fame permit her to decline
His Suit, who saw her, with familiar Eyes,
Asleep, and only cover'd with the Skies:
The happy Youth saw, thro' her guiltless
Shame,
The first-born Blushes of an infant Flame;
The sweet Confusion of her Face he view'd,
Her gentle Looks, and soft Solitude:
With welcome Force he met her yielding
Charms,
And press'd the faint Resister in his Arms.

The vanquish'd Maid soon rose a sparkling
Wife ;

Rose to new Joys, and unexperienc'd Life !
Brib'd with the Pleasures of her faultless Love,
She quits the limpid Stream and shady Grove,
On the wild Taste of virgin Bliss refines,
And in the bright Assembly brightest shines.

To ZELINDA.

CEASE, *Zelinda*, to complain,
Ease thy Breast of every Pain.
Sooner shall the Mother find
Hatred vex her tender Mind,
When she views her first-born Child ;
Than *Amintor*, once beguiled,
Fly from thine to *Celia's* Arms,
Or delight in vulgar Charms.

Call to Mind the furtive Hour,
And the Love-sequestred Bow'r,
Arch'd with fragrant Orange-boughs ;
Call to Mind our plighted Vows ;
All the Spring, the Joys of *May*,
Smil'd on that auspicious Day :
Winds the Branches gently sway'd,
And the Sun-beams thro' the Shade

Glanc'd

Glanc'd in Gleams of golden Light ;
Robb'd wer't thou in Virgin White ;
Rosy Shame thy Cheeks o'er-spread,
And thy Olive flush'd with Red ;
Blushes only, wak'd by Love,
Could thy Olive Bloom improve.

On thy Lips, with Moisture strow'd,
Oh, my Life ! Carnations blow'd ;
Swelling, melting, breathing Sweet ;
Oh, those Lips I long to meet !
To my darling Bliss I sprung,
On thy ruddy Lips I hung :
O'er thy spreading Chest I stray'd,
In thy joyous Bosom play'd :
From thy Neck, where Lillies rise,
Often pass'd, to kiss thy Eyes :
From thy Eyes again I go,
To thy Neck, where Lillies grow.

Beauty still for Beauty changed,
Over all thy Charms I ranged :
Nor thy Forehead, pearly white,
Nor the Bow, that shades thy Sight,
Nor thy veiny marble Wrist,
Nor thy Hand, remain'd unkiss'd.

O, my fair, my doating Heart
From thy Image cannot part :
Think thy jealous Love to blame ;
Absence but revives my Flame ;

28 *The Luscious Poet : O*

Unimprov'd no Moment fleers,
Still thy Form my Fancy meets ;
All I do, and all I say,
Shews my Faith, and proves thy Sway.

If my Eye does, curious, pass
O'er immortal Paint or Brass ;
Some resembling Grace I find,
Which presents thee to my Mind !
If I read in his sweet Strain,
Whom the Muse surnam'd *the Swain*,
How the Nymph, of Birth divine,
Did in lonely Forests shine ;
Ravish'd, still I think on thee,
And thy bloom in *Thyde* see.
Fond Remembrance still, anew,
Brings the blissful Bow'r to view ;
Where unenvy'd, where unseen,
I, methinks, possess my Queen.

To ZELINDA. *In Imitation of the*
third ELEGY of the third Book of
TIBBULLUS.

MY lab'ring Breast is swol'n with cease-
less Sighs ;
With Vows and Prayers I importune the Skies :
In vain my Breast its fighting Anguish bears,
In vain the Skies I importune with Prayers :
Still

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 29

Still angry Fates with-hold thy wish'd-for
Charms,

Nor give *Zelinda* to *Amintor's* Arms.

I wish not under stately Roofs to sleep,
On purple Beds; nor mighty Crops to reap,
High-waving Grain, thro' endless Acres sown;
Lord of the Harvest, and the Year my own:
I covet not th' Encrease the Pasture yields;
The Flocks and Herbs, that graze a thousand
Fields:

My whole Desire, if so the Powers decree,
Is still to love, and to be lov'd by thee;
Long Ages on thy panting Breast to lie,
And in thy kind Embrace, when old, to die.

What would avail me thro' *Salons* to go,
All glorious with the Paint of *Angelo*?
Or what, historic Figures to behold,
On the rich Arras wrought, or weav'd in
Gold?

Of what avail were Types on Plate emboss'd,
Or sumptuous Floors inlaid with regal Cost;
Gay watry Forms, from magic Fonts that rise,
The conic Greens, and varied flow'ry Dies?
Th' ill-judg'd Crowd admire those empty
Toys,

The Arguments for Envy and for Noise.
Not all the Treasures *Indian* Regions bear,
Can sooth Inquietude, or banish Care.

All

All human Things submit to Fortune's Will,
 And change by giddy Laws from Good to Ill :
 With thee, *Zelinda*, may it be my Fate,
 Of Life and Love to know an equal Date :
 With thee, an humble Cottage-life will please,
 Above the Pride of royal Palaces,
 May they, in search of Wealth, thro' dan-
 gers rove,
 Who feel not Beauty, nor have Hearts to love.
 To others Wealth, ye sacred Powers, assign ;
 To others Crowns ; but make *Zelinda* mine.

O how divinely bright the Day will rise,
 That shall restore thee to my ravish'd Eyes !
 O long expected rise, fair Dawn appear ;
 The most auspicious of the *Julian* Year !
 And thou, bright Goddess, Queen of *Paphi-*
an Groves,
 Drawn in thy glittering Shell by milk-white
 Doves,
 If not a fabled Goddess, O ! impart
 The wish'd-for Aid, and ease thy Vot'ry's
 Heart.

But if inexorable Fates ordain,
 I still shall languish with desponding Pain ;
 To Realms of Rest and Silence let me go,
 Where Lovers in Oblivion lose their Woe.

The FAULTLESS FAIR.

OF all her Works to polish Woman, most,
Does Nature strive, of all her Works
the Boast;

Yet, while she molds the tender Clay with Art,
And fashions it for Empire o'er the Heart;
Short of Perfection still she leaves her Plan,
In pity to the Slave of Beauty, Man:
Bestowing Charms, she kindly casts allays,
And what we censure, blends with what we
praise.

Her Gifts unmix'd but rarely do we trace;
We spy a Blemish, while we prize a Grace,

Aurelia's Face assembled Crowds adore;
Her Shape survey'd, th' Enchantment reigns
no more:

From *Fulvia's* Eye none e'er confess'd a Fire,
Or on her Bosom long'd not to expire:

To Love might *Cloe* melt a flinted Breast,

If *Cloe* with *Myrtilla's* Wit were blest:

Myrtilla to Despair might Monarchs doom,

Had but *Myrtilla* youthful *Cloe's* Bloom:

When pensive *Cynthia's* Charms all Hearts obey;

But in her Smiles the Goddess fades away:

If *Cynthia* smile, all Hearts are free from Pain;

But let her languish, and they pant again.

Thus
All Thoughts in Thoughts of Love they lost:
Each

Thus Graces with Defects together spring,
And the same Hour does Chains and Freedom
bring :

Thou only claim'st, my Love, sincere Applause,
Exempted from Creation's common Laws ;
To thee, *Zelinda*, Nature over-kind,
Gave all her Gifts, of Feature and of Mind ;
Thee she did finish with an Artist's Care,
Without a Rival, and a *faultless Fair* !
Thy envied Form does every Charm disclose,
And in that Nursery every Beauty grows.

So the fam'd Tree, that springs in *Java's*
Groves,
Bends with its Freight of Nutmegs, Mace and
Colves :

One costly Sap the precious Load supplies,
And from one Stem the mingled Odours rise ;
Beneath its Shade, indulg'd, the Natives lie,
And in a Scene so soft desire to die.

THYRSIS and DAPHNE. A TALE

THYRSIS, the Darling of the Fair,
And *Daphne*, every Shepherd's Care,
To mutual Joys did Love ordain,
And either wore the other's Chain :
Their Breasts with pleasing Tumults tost,
All Thoughts, in Thoughts of Love they lost :
Each

Or, *Venus's Miscellany.* 33

Each Hour grew fonder than before,
And every Moment doated more :
In Groves, whose Verdures banish Day,
In Grotts, where trembling Ecchos play,
In Arbrets, Green with frequent Shade,
Beneath the spreading *Mulb'ry* laid,
Or on Brook-margins, strow'd with Flowers,
They joy'd to pass the silent Hours ;
The silent Hours, the Brooks, the Groves,
Recorded their unalter'd Loves.

There is an Hour, by Fate assign'd,
When *Nature* works on *Beauty's* Mind ;
A Season, lucky to persuade ;
A Moment, when the chastest Maid,
That feels of *Love* the melting Pains,
Yields to the *Laws*, by which he reigns :
Nor watchful Guards, nor Bars of Steel,
Nor Cloysters, rais'd by papal Zeal,
Can ward the charming Virgin's Doom,
When once her Hour of Bliss is come :
Such was this charming Virgin's Fate,
And every Nymph finds soon or late ;
From *Thyrsis'* Eye in vain she strove
To hide the Longings of her Love ;
He saw her Passion in her Face,
And strain'd her in a strict Embrace.

Behold him clasp'd in *Daphne's* Arms,
The lovely Spoiler of her Charms !

E

Aban-

34 *The Luscious Poet?*

Abandon'd to his fierce Desire
 He lies, and trembles to expire :
 When O ! cried she, my better Part !
 Kind Inmate of my faithful Heart !
 O give not yet Desire its Sway ;
 Soul of my Eyes ! my *Thyrsis*, stay !
 Entranc'd together let us lie ;
 Together, *Thyrsis*, let us die !

With sweet Surprise the Shepherd heard
 Prayers in such soft Distress preferr'd :
 And tho' Love gives but short Delays,
 And, travers'd, from his Channel strays,
 Yet with those melting Whispers prest,
 That shudder'd to his inmost Breast,
 He strove obedient to refrain,
 And check'd the pressing Joy with Pain.

What Pictures now his Mind employ
 In this delightful *Pause* of Joy !
 What Thoughts the Soul of *Thyrsis* rais'd !
 A Moment on her Eyes he gaz'd ;
 A Moment sooth'd her kind Complaint,
 And languish'd in the still Restraint ;
 At length, indulgent Nature sway'd
 To equal Warmth the tender Maid ;
 The tender Maid began to waste ;
 The *Messengers* of Love made haste :
 Ah ! now, my blooming Boy ! She cries,
 Ah ! now, my Life ! thy *Daphne* Dies :

And

And I the keen Impulse obey,
Replied the Youth, and died away.

Thus the fond Pair resign'd their Breath,
And dy'd a transient amorous Death;
Returning Life they counted Pain,
And wish'd and sigh'd to die again.

An Unseasonable SURPRISE.

AS Tom laid Moll beneath a Shade,
To play a Game for Maidenhead;
With smacking Buss, and Chuck 'o th' Chin,
The Prologue to the future Scene!
He thus address'd his bowzy Molly,
Nay, pish, this Coynefs is a Folly!
Unwilling? blush? nay, pshaw—my Dear!
My Love, came we for Nothing here?
Alas! quoth she, should I prove fruitful!
You know, at best, that would but suit ill—
Pish, then, if that's thy Care, my Moll,
There's one Above provides for all—
To which, quoth Sly, upon the Tree,
Your Brats, and you, be damn'd for me.

Presenting WALLER'S Poems to a LADY.

Madam,

A CCEPT the softest sweetest Strains,
That ever breath'd a dying Lovers
Pains ;

That ever yet could unsuccessful prove,
When arm'd with all the Eloquence of Love ;
And if you find some tender moving Part,
Soften your Soul, and steal upon your Heart ;
(For sure the most obdurate Maid must blame,
The rigid Coyness of the cruel Dame :)
Then, lovely *Laura*, think, you faintly feel
The Symptoms of a Flame I dare not tell,
Think, then, you hear your suppliant Lover
sigh,
But generously, more than See him dye ;
And if you kindly listen to his Pain,
Successful *Waller* has not sung in vain.

*To A LADY at King's-College Chapel,
Cambridge.*

UNskill'd in Love, unpractis'd in those Arts
Of gaining Mistresses, and giving Hearts,
Mix'd with the gazing Crowd I hither come,
Nor dreamt Destruction near this sacred Dome ;
Where

Where holy Hymns, and solemn Songs of
Praise,

A venerable Adoration raise ;
But with Surprise, at once I hear and see
A speaking, and a silent Harmony :
Transporting Sounds ! my fainting Senses rise,
Wing'd with the sweeter Musick of your Eyes;
Your Eyes, that speak a Form so bright so, fair,
You seem the Object of each fervent Prayer—
Our Souls the sweet Divinity adore —
Aspiring Vanity can hope no more —

But ah ! forbear, thou holy Fair unknown,
Our Happiness to hazard by your own ;
Can Heaven, impartial, to your Hopes comply,
And give you that, which you to all deny.
Mistaken Maid ! you think you Blessings gain,
When 'tis your very Prayers create our Pain,
And save us, but to kill us, with Disdain. }
Alas ! I feel the fatal Poison run,
I gaze, I sigh, I love, and am undone—
Harmonious Charms, in vain, my Mind reprove
They sympathize, and melt, with me, to Love:
Whilst, in soft Sounds, my Soul, transported,
flew,
Mistook her Heav'n, but found a Heav'n in
You.

A

K I N Δ I M O G E N I A.

A T A L E.

FOR Arms to shield the *Phrygian* Knight,
 In warm Encounters, vent'rous Fight,
 Her Cuckold, *Venus* coax'd one Day,
 The Gipsy has a winning Way,
 She press'd, he melted, she was blest ;
 Who would not melt when *Venus* prest ?
 The blended Ore now thrice had boil'd,
 The Cavern smoak'd, the *Cyclops* toil'd ;
 Work of a God ! the Arms appear,
 Arms ! might beseem a God to wear ;
 But which provided Metall sheen.
 The *Lemnian* King, or *Paphian* Queen,
 Is still in Doubt —
 Though, if we state the Matter fair,
 The Wife had sure the most to spare ;
 And could you think it better done,
 To make, than to preserve a Son ?

But waving this—the Arms were wrought,
 And to the *Trojan* Heroe brought,
 With Joy, he took the wondrous Boon,
 Made a rough Scrape, and put 'em on ;
 For Soldiers then (unlike these now)
 Knew better how to *Fight*, than *Bow*.

Thus

Thus far, all Matters went to please ye,
Venus was merry ; *Vulcan* easy ;
 For he, unless inspir'd by Drinking,
 Was not addicted much to Thinking ;
 But soon a solemn Feast ensu'd,
 For which, much Nectar had been brew'd :
Jove's Wedding-Day (O Day of Thrall !)
 And now the *Gods* were summon'd all
 To meet, and tipples in his Hall.
 Old *Vulcan* came among the rest,
 To raise the Mirth, improve the Jest ;
 Too weak his Brains were for a Drinker,
Jove, therefore, wisely made him Skinker.
 With Hand unsteady, Feet unsound,
 And aukard Gait, he limp'd around.
 'Twas *Dian's* Turn (a prudish Lass,
 Who, spite of Thirst, would baulk her Glass.)
 You Prudes (quoth *Vulcan* half in Jest)
 Refuse a good Thing, tho' home-press'd—
Endymion once—come, make no Rout,
 But take your Cup, or all shall out.

Here (whether thro' Effect of Guilt,
 Or his rude Push) the Wine was spilt :
 Her mantling Blood soon spoke her Ire,
 Her glowing Cheeks ; Eyes darting Fire ;
 For why ? by double Motion pain'd,
 Her *Rep*, and *Petticoat* were stain'd.

Hence !

Hence! hammer Arms (cry'd she, thou
Dastard)

For thy lewd Wife's vile *Trojan Bastard*—
I own indeed—so never fret—
'Tis Justice to repay a Debt;
And sure enough God *Mars*, and she,
Long since, a *Head-Piece* made for *Thee*;
He scoul'd, *She* pouted, *Venus* maunder'd,
And all protested they were slander'd.
The Bowl was out, the Gods arise,
'Tis said, more merry too than *wife*;
And each, Salutes and Congees ended,
With Steps unsteady, homeward tended;
The moody *Vulcan* and his Bride,
Together pac'd it Side by Side;
In Silence sad their Pace they steer,
(*He* dumb thro' Rage, *She* aw'd by Fear)
To *Lemnos-Isle*, (a smoaky Place,
Dire Enemy to beauteous Face)
Arriv'd! his Anger long ypent,
Now lab'ring upwards, gain'd a Vent—
Must I for Brats!—but Talk is vain—
Look, Madam, yonder stands your Chain,
From Marriage-Vows so oft to trip—
Here! *Polyphemus*! bring the Whip.—

But stop, my Muse, nor be it nam'd,
How *Venus*' Body was profan'd;

Those

Or, *Venus's Miscellany.*

Those who would more, let them enquire
Of that base Tribe, devoid of Fire;
Who think to court their Goddess Grace,
By Immitation of her Case;
Wretches, with Passions gross, and dull,
By Jilts, and Bawds term'd *Flogging-Cull*.
Suffice it, each their Weapon us'd,
She was well bearen, *He* abus'd:
But from that Day, with Iron sated,
Its very Name's by *Venus* hated.
Her Warriour's Valour, you may note,
Lies seldom deeper than the Coat;
Captains of Blood, who scorn the Guilt,
Nor e'er saw more of Sword than Hilt;
For these her Sons, without the Aid
Of Spouse, new *Armour* she has made:
Hence the old Churl's rejected Ware,
His Brass, and Steel, are banish'd far;
Their Coat of Mail, the Gift of Love,
Is soft, and pliant as a Glove;
The interceptive Shield they bear,
Fit only too for Love to wear:
On this, no Images are plac'd,
Of Ages present, Ages past;
The *Wolf-mursh-Twins*, the *Rile of Rome*,
The ravish'd *Sabina*, *Methus* Doom;
Were cautelously banish'd hence,
Lest the rough Surface damp the Sense:
Its Colour, as you here may view,
A Dirty Yellow, bound with *Blue*;

36 *The Lascious Poet:*

Of Parent wave, from whence it came,
Still mindful, the *Idalian* Dame,
Ordains it shall all Sizes fit,
Provided, that it first be wet;
And, when put off to End of Time,
Should smell of *Fish*, and feel of *Slime*.

Safely the *well-ceas'd Warriour* goes,
Thro' Squadrons of the Goddess, *Foes*,
The *Buboe*, *Cordee*, and *Phymosis*,
The *Shanker*, *Ficus*, *Exostocis*;
(With all the numerous Store of Ills,
St. *Thomas* cures, and *Drury* feels)
Nor need when each, or all appear,
Give back, or seem appall'd with Fear,
These Arms, preventive, render vain,
Apollo, and his idle Train;
By these defended, he lays by,
Now useless grown each old Ally:
Lint, *Syringe*, *Gally-Pot*, and *Phial*,
And, *Self-Protective*, stands the Trial.



Or, Venus's Miscellany.

33

Now Joy, now Pity tends my torn'd Soul,
Now I am wounded, now I am whole.

Who says the Force of Habit is
While he'd describe them, he makes 'em

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem

Tessacei-----

H. o. p.

Yet view, Vanessa, what those I inexpress

WITH gentle Boys,
In am'rous Joys,
Fair *Chloe* spent her Youth;
With gentler Men
She'd do't again,
Till she has ne'er a Tooth.
Goodlack! Goodlack! what shall we say?
What's bred i' th' Bone will ne'er away.

And Thought on Thought, succeed a gloomy

Love after ENJOYMENT, in two

Epistles.

And that prove Horror which was once De-
Epistle I.----- ALEXIS to VANILLA.

ACCEPT, *Vanilla*, what thou dost receive

These Lines to sooth thy Care; and
ease thy Woe.

Each faithful Letter, and each Word's design'd
To paint the Terror of *Alexis*'s Mind.

Alas! Th' Attempt how unsuccessfull prove
What Words can speak the Thoughts of him

who loves?

Now Joy, now Pity rends my tortur'd Soul,
~~Now Love unbounded reigns without Con-~~
 troul:

Who aims such struggling Passions to express,
 While he'd describe them just, he makes 'em
 less.

Yet view, *Vanella*, what these Lines impart,
 The sincere Dictates of *Alexis'* Heart;
 Where no Deceit in artful Periods lies,
 But faithful Love the Want of Skill supplies;
 As ne'er the Rhyming of a Muse I knew
 My Pen's unpolish'd, but my Heart is true.
 Less grateful I had prov'd if Art I wore,
 And less had pleas'd You, had I pleas'd You
 more.

~~Shou'd deep Reflection give *Vanella* Pain,~~
 And Thought on Thought, succeed a gloomy
 Train;
 If each shou'd raise a Mirror to thy Sight,
 And that prove Horror which was once De-
 light;
 Shou'd something shock Thee, with an emp-
 ty Name;
 As Loss of Virtue, Honour or of Fame;
 Forgish, my Pain, such foolish Grief remove;
 Admit alone that soft Intruder, Love;
 He'll calm thy anxious Breast by gentle Rules,
 Correct your dull, stale Pedantry of Fools;
 Sweetly

Sweetly convince by soft persuasive Sound,
With tend'ring Care he'll probe each dang'rous
Wound;
Each Passion thus by various Arts appease,
By Reason charm You, and by Morals please
Till Virtue, Fame and Modesty shall seem,
The Idle Product of a Sick Man's Dream,
Till empty Fear by Love dissolves away,
Soft Wishes fill the Night, and Joy the Day.

Nor Love, *Vanella*, sways thy Heart alone,
I feel the Tyrant raging in my Own,
With all the Fury, and with all the Fire,
That Wish can raise, or Ardor can inspire,
As when first circled in *Vanella's* Arms,
In Pleasure lost I revel'd mid her Charms,
As when first on her panting Breast I lay,
And in tumultuous Joys dissolv'd away.

If Constancy in Love a Pleasure gives,
Alexis only for *Vanella* lives,
How false, that Joys, repeated often, pall,
And that which once was Rapture, soon is dull,
My Love far fiercer by Enjoyment grows,
And like *Arms*, gathers Strength from
Blows.

Tho' absent Thou, my Thoughts to Thee
confin'd,
Each Object brings *Vanella* to my Mind,
Where'er I view the Circle of the Fair,
With silent Sigh I wish *Vanella* there ;

Amid

Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
Thou to ~~Alas~~ ~~that~~ canst give Delight?

In Slumb' rings sweet, imperfect Joys I taste,
The dull Resemblance of our Pleasures past.
Sometime amid the Pageantry of State,
Deaf to the flattery of the Great,
My roving Fancy's with *Vanilla* fraught,
The faithless Tongue betrays the absent
Thought.

When the rough Soldier has for Favours press'd
How oft I've cry'd— But then her Neck and
Breast—

Or with fond doating Eyes, and Lovers Air,
Told the grave Prelate—She's divinely Fair.

If to the Bed I fly to find Relief,
Alas! the conscious Bed renews my Grief!
The heaving Breast, by various Passions shook,
The faint Denial, with consenting Look;
The tender Graspings, and the eager Kiss,
Therapt'rous Moment, and transporting Bliss,
All, All, arise *Vanilla* to my View,
And ev'ry Sense is lost in Thought of You.

But when these Torrents cease with Rage
to flow,
When pulse beats gentler, and the Heart moves
flow,
My Breast, still anxious, other Passions move,
Wildly contemplating the Power of Love!

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 37

How Will, by Tyrant Custom is confin'd,
Yet Law, nor Custom, can controul the Mind:
How Love, when found an Entrance to the
Breast,
Sole Lord of all the Passions stands confess'd:
How first by Love my flutt'ring Heart was
ross'd,
Sighing I gaz'd, and, as I gaz'd, was lost.
Then Wounds on Wounds I felt from ev'ry
Smile,
Each Act seem'd pleasing, but each Act seem'd
guile;
In vain the Tyrant to oppose I strove.
Each Look was Passion, and each Thought
was Love.

So th' Brook, which gently glided thro' the
Plains,
And murmur'ing lull'd to Sleep the drowsy
Swains,
On whose smooth Margin o'er the chrystal
Flood,
In Pleasure lost, the gazing Nymph has stood,
Coquetting view'd the Leer that *Damon* flew,
Play'd over her Old Arts, and practis'd New:
Thus smooth it flows, till Winds 'gainst Winds
contend,
Till melted Snows, and rushing Rains descend;
Then purling Hills the Pebbles beat no more,
But raging Billows lash the sounding Shore.
No

No more in its fair Banks confin'd it flows,
Impetuous rolls along, nor Course or Bound
dry knows.

Vanella thus employs *Alexis'* Care,
Then banish far a way each filial Fear;
Nor ever let the swelling Sign invade,
The too sure Sign of a despairing Maid.
To ease thy Mind by gloomy Thoughts ne'er
try,

Nor dim with fatal Tears thy lovely Eye;
But each gay pleasing Scene raise to thy View,
For still *Alexis* loves, and loves but You.
Oh! When thou could'st thy Art no more
employ

To hide the Product of *Alexis'* Joy
O! could *Vanella*, could'st Thou then have
view'd

The smart Coquet, and the disguising Prude,
With holy Cant, or in deriding Strain
Lend Men that Happiness they wish'd in vain:
With seeming Pity some deplor'd thy Fate,
But while they Pity shew'd, they lik'd thy State
How jilting *Flavia* censur'd with a Frown,
And pious *Glooe* with'd thy Crime her Own;
In vain thou didst wept for Fame and Virtue lost,
For they most envied Thee, who boast it most.
Alexis' Love deserves a just Return,
And may thy Breast with equal Fury burn;
Then will *Alexis* scorn each rival Maid,
Nor sur'd to Beauty, nor by Charms betray'd;

With

With Thee alone all Pleasure he'd enjoy,
With Thee he'd wish to Live, with Thee to
Dye.

EPISTLE II.

VANELLA to ALEXIS.

WHILE dear *Alexis* strives in tuneful
Strain,

To sooth my Passion, and delude my Pain;

Or, in this anxious Breast a Joy to move,

By the Recital of our former Love;

Joy, Love and Guilt, by various Turns invade

Now hush'd in Pleasure ev'ry Passion's laid;

Now the sharp Sting of deep Remorse I feel,

Now dwell in Rapture o'er the Pleasing Tale;

What moving Words can speak *Vanella's* Care,

Who's mov'd by Love, yet tortur'd by De-
spair?

What various Passions wrack the sighing Maid,

By the deceitful Arts of Man betray'd?

How fond she listens to the Tales of Love,

How sweet they seem; but ah! how pois-
nous prove?

When nothing but Remorse and Guilt remain,

She sees her Folly, but she sees in vain;

No more can Hope to get her former Name,

A private Scandal, and a publick Shame,

Guilt holds a faithful Mirror to her Sight,

And views with Horror, what once seem'd

Delight;

G

Then

50 *The Luscious Poet :*

Then Torments worse succeed (if worse there
are)
The faithless Lover scorns the weeping Fair;
Condemns the Arts by which the Maid he won,
And blames her Folly, by himself undone.

Why shou'd such Grievs torment *Vanella's*
Breast?

Alexis' Voice can lure each Care to Rest;
By sweetest Accent ev'ry Thought remove,
That seems repugnant to a softer Love;
Till each rough Passion in a gentler dies,
And Love alone the Rage of Guilt supplies.

So the poor Mariner, by Billows tofs'd,
The Sport of Winds, each Moment thinks
he's lost;
Horrors on Horrors from each View appear,
And Hope is banish'd far, by deep Despair;
But when the warring Winds contend no more,
And roling Surges cease to lash the Shore,
When soft light Gales becalm the raging Sea,
Then ev'ry Thought of Fear in Pleasure dies
away.

Alexis thus dispels *Vanella's* Grief,
Her only Comfort, and her sole Relief:
Assures, that Pleasure will not Love destroy,
Absent *Vanella* gives *Alexis* Joy:
No Joy of Mind *Alexis* e'er reveals,
But the same Extacy *Vanella* feels;

With

Or, *Venus's Miscellany.* 51

With the same Sentiments her Fancy flows;
Her Heart with Passion, and with Ardour
glows:

Fondly renews in Thought our Pleasures past,
But, ah! *Alexis*, different from our last!

Alexis boasts his Thoughts to me confin'd,
He's the sole Object of *Vanella's* Mind;
Vanella's Soul with Love and Pleasure's fraught,
Alexis still enjoys each various Thought.

Or, if with Grief oppress'd, and vex'd with
Care,

Still, still, she finds her dear *Alexis* there:
Sometime with Thought precipitate I rove,
Thro' all the various Stages of our Love;
How first by Stratagem and pleasing Art
Alexis made Attempts on *Vanella's* Heart;
How oft he swell'd, by different Passions tost,
Then gaz'd, in seeming Admiration lost.

Fierce Raptures in his glowing Eyes were seen,
That told what Joy *Alexis* felt within.

But, ah! when I recal that fatal Hour,
Alexis robb'd me of my Virgin Flow'r,
When 'mid my Pride he crop'd the blooming
Rose,

Betray'd by Treachery, and deceiv'd by Vows;
Vows, which can ne'er recal *Vanella's* Fame,
Or guard from Scandal, or defend from Shame.
With conscious Guilt, the welling Round I
view,

And hope to banish Grief, in Thought of You;

52 *The Luscious Poet :*

Alas ! nor all the Sophistry of Love,
Can e'er the Horror of the Guilt remove ;
Not all the Pleasure of gay Sences to come,
Can with mock Pagantry reverse my Doom ;
Shou'd Lover Grandeur sooth my present
Rage ;

What can defend me from a future Age ?
When babling Poets in censorious Rhyme,
Shall blame my Folly, and condemn my Crime ;
When Dames *Vanella's* mournful Tale relate,
And thus she warn the Fair by her dread Fate,
“ Nor Love, nor Grandeur, nor let Vows
deceive,
“ Ne'er like *Vanella* love, nor like *Vanella*
believe.

But when soft Love resumes my Heart a-
gain,
I soon forget each anxious Thought and Pain ;
My Fancy brings *Alexis* to my Sight,
And dreaming Horrors sink in soft Delight.

Thus errant Knights, 'mid dire Exploits in
Arms,
Nobly inspir'd by some fair Virgin's Charms ;
By Thoughts of Her their drooping Spirits
cheer,
And, lost in Extacy, forget the Din of War!

The

The CAMBRIDGE BEAUTIES;

By an Admirer of the FAIR SEX.

YE gentle Nymphs, to whom my Lays
belong,
Approve my Numbers, and assist my Song ;
Soft-smiling may your bright'ning Eyes inspire
At once the Poet's, and the Lover's Fire :
So shall the Muse each magic Charm rehearse ;
So shall each Charm be lasting as a Verse.

Bless'd in my Choice ! what blooming Beau-
ties rise !

How court my Numbers with inspiring Eyes !
O could my Lays like gentle *Waller* move,
Like gentle *Waller* tune the Soul to Love ;
Bright as my Theme, each easy Note should
shine,

And *Sachariffas* Smile in ev'ry Line.

To *Aurenelia*, fam'd *Carlisle* should yield,

And *Waller* own his fav'rite Fair excell'd :

Had Charms like Her's inspir'd his lofty Lays,

How had he grown immortal in Her Praise !

How might the Muse Her wonted Gift receive,

And Poetry from Beauty learn to live !

When *Sylvia* smiles, methinks, she smiles to
prove

Her Charms superiour to the Power of Love.

Gay-

Gay-sportive *Cupids* flutter round the Fair,
 Pant on her Breast, and wanton in her Hair ;
 With ev'ry Lock, a new Adorer gain,
 And ev'ry Ringlet is a Lover's Chain ;
 The Orbit Ringlets, soft dissolving down,
 Flow on her Breast, and half her bosom drown;
 Thro' the bright Shades, her panting Bubbles
 heave,
 Like *Swans* emerging from a silver Wave.

On *Delia's* Cheeks, eternal *Roses* bloom,
 Her ruby Lips exhale a sweet Perfume ;
 Her ruby Lips indulge a mutual Kiss,
 And blush luxuriant in their envy'd Bliss.

When bright *Belinda* leads the sprightly
 Dance,
 With ev'ry Step, our captive Hearts advance ;
 Her magic Charms the soft Enchantress prove,
 And on her Breast descends the God of Love
 Smiling, she seems to imitate those Airs,
 That form their Regularity by Her's ;
 Moves, as the Soul-dissolving Numbers move ;
 And musically swims the Maze of Love :
 On the soft Sounds, her gentle Motions flow,
 And sail along majestically slow :
 Her waving Arms in snowy Circles play
 And all the easy Conquerour display ;
 Melodious Music warbles Love's Alarms,
 Sounds the soft Charge, and sings her con-
 qu'ring Charms.

When

When *Flora* sings, ye Gods! 'tis Heav'n to hear,

We listen to the Music of the Sphere;
Our ravish'd Sight confirms the sweet Surprise
And owns the Angel, by her heav'nly Eyes.

But, O! my Muse, your tunefull'st Charms
prepare,
Harmonious, as your *Aurenelia's* fair.
Where-e'er she looks, her Eyes like Light-
nings wound,
Whene'er she speaks, there's Music in the
Sound;
From her dear Lips such melting Softness
flows,
Soft as when *Zepbirs* kiss the silken Rose:
But when the wond'rous Charmer talks of
Love,
Good Gods! what Raptures in our Bosom
move!

How each Discourse our Soul transported
warms,
And, if 'tis possible, improves her Charms.

O ever beauteous, ever lovely Fair,
Pride of my Verse, and Object of my Care.
O take me, clasp me, melting in thy Arms,
Unfold thy Sweets, and open all thy Charms
On those dear Breasts for ever let me rove,
Those Breasts to me the true Poetic Groves

On those soft Hills for ever let me sing,
And sip thy sacred *Helicomian* Spring.

Were *Paris* here to judge fair Beauty's prize,
How might these brighter Goddesses surprize;
How could his Choice the doubtful Favour
place,

When a new *Venus* shines in ev'ry Face?
But since that Task, that pleasing Task I claim,
O *Venus* guide me to a brighter Flame:
To *Aurenelia's* Charms my Wishes move,
Warm her cold Heart, and tune her Breast
to Love;
There, let my Soul a nobler Prize impart,
And for an Apple, give my bleeding Heart.

On a LADY's Erasing the Picture of
BATHSHEBA Bathing, represented
in a SNUFF-BOX.

I.
WHEN *Cynthia* saw *Bathsheba's* Charms,
In wanton Colours dress'd,
Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,
I dare not name the Rest!

II.
The blushing envious, angry Maid
Observ'd with various Passions tost,
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd,
Those Beauties, she alone could boast.

III. A

III.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,
To check the curious Painter's Pride,
To veil those Charms, she only knew,
Those Beauties only she could hide.

IV.

'Tis well enamour'd, *Damon* cry'd,
E'en let the paltry *Copy* fall,
By *You* the Loss is well supply'd,
In *You* we find the *Original*.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

IN my dark Cell, low prostrate on the
Ground,
Mourning my Crimes, thy Letter Entrance
found;
Too soon my Soul the well known Name
felt,
My beaten Heart sprung fiercely in
Thro' my whole Frame a guilt
glow'd,
And streaming Torrents from
flow'd.

O *Eloisa*! art thou still
Dost thou still nourish the
Have not the gentle
Heaven

From thy soft Soul th

H

58 *The Luscious Poet :*

Alas ! I thought you disengag'd, and free,
And can you still, still sigh, and weep for me ?
What pow'rful Deity, what hallow'd Shrine,
Can save me from a Love, a Faith, like Thine ?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful Cave,
Whose rugged Feet the surging Billows lave ;
When not these gloomy Cloister's solemn
Walls,

O'er whose rough Sides the languid Ivy crawls ;
When my dread Vows, in vain, their Force
oppose,

Opposed Love, alas ! how vain are Vows !
In fruitless Penance here I wear away
Each tedious Night, each sad revolving Day :
I fast, I pray ; and with deceitful Art
Veil thy dear Image from my tortur'd Heart.
My tortur'd Heart conflicting Passions move,
Hope, despair, repent, but still I love.

A thousand jarring Thoughts my Bosom tear,
You, not God, my *Eloise* art there.

The World's deluding Pleasures dead,
By its wand'ring Fires misled ;

By its precepts, harsh Precepts I infuse,
By its Counsel, I want Pow'r to use.

Of the Grave, and Wife,
A milder Sparkle in my Eyes ;

Of this well-known Face,
Assumes a sterner Grace ;

Fates once more
(th) this Form restore,

How

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 59

How wouldst thou from these Arms with Horror start,
To miss those Charms, familiar, to thy Heart !
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing Judgment see,
To speak thy *Abelard*, but Love of thee :
Lean Abstinence, pale Grief, and haggard Care,
The dire Attendants of forlorn Despair ;
Haye *Abelard* the gay, the young, remov'd,
And in the Hermit, sunk the Man you lov'd

Wrapt in the Gloom these holy Mansions
shed,
The thorny Paths of Penitence I tread ;
Lost to the World, from all its Interest free,
And torn from all my Soul held dear in thee ;
Ambition, with its Train of Frailties, gone,
All Loves, all Forms forgot, but thine alone,

Amidst the Blaze of Day, and Dusk of Night,
My *Eloisa* rises to my Sight ;
Veil'd, as in *Paraclete's* Sea-bath'd Tow'rs,
The wretched Mourner counts the lagging hours ;
I hear her Sigh, see the swift-falling Tears,
Weep all her Grievs, and pine with all her Cares.
O Vows ! O Convents ! your stern Force impart,
And frown the melting Phantom from my Heart ;
Let other Sighs a worthier Sorrow show,
Let other Tears, for Sin, repentant flow ;

Low to the Earth, my guilty Eyes I roll,
 And humble to the Dust my contrite Soul.
 Forgiving Pow'r! your gracious Call I meet,
 Who first empower'd this rebel Heart to beat;
 Who thro' this trembling, this offending
 : Frame,

For nobler Ends diffus'd Life's active Flame;
 O change the Temper of this throbbing Breast,
 And form a new each beating Pulse to rest!
 Let springing Grace, fair Faith and Hope
 remove,

The fatal Traces of voluptuous Love;
 Voluptuous Love from his soft Mansion tear,
 And leave no Tracks of *Eloisa* there.

Are these the Wishes of thy inmost Soul?
 Would I its softest tend'rest Peace controul?
 Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy Heart
 resign

To the cold Substance of the Marble Shrine?
 Transform'd like these pale Saints that round
 me move,

O blest'd Insensibles! that knew not Love!
 Ah! rather let me keep this hapless Flame,
 Adieu, false Honour, unavailing Fame!
 Not your harsh Rules, but tender Love, supplies
 The Streams that gush from my despairing
 Eyes:

I feel the Traytor melt around my Heart,
 And thro' my Veins with treach'rous Influ-
 ence dart!

Inspire

Or, Venus's Misellany. 61

Inspire me Heav'n! assist me, Grace divine!
Aid me ye Saints! unknown, to Crimes like
mine!

You, while on Earth, all Pangs severe could
prove,

All but the tort'ring Pangs of hopeless Love,
An holier Rage in your pure Bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt:

A sympathizing Grief alone can cure,

The Hand that heels, must feel, what I endure,

Thou *Eloise*! alone, canst give me Ease,

And bid my struggling Soul subside in Peace;

Restore me to my long lost Heav'n of Rest,

And take thy self from my reluctant Breast:

If Crimes, like mine, could an Allay receive.

That bless'd Allay, thy wond'rous Charms

must give,

Thy Form, which first my Heart to Love in-

clin'd,

Still wanders in my lost, my guilty Mind:

I saw thee as the new-blown Blossoms fair,

Sprightly as Light, and soft as Summer-Air;

Wit, Youth, and Beauty, in each Feature shone,

Bless'd by my Fate, I gaz'd, and was undone!

There dy'd the gen'rous Fire, whose vig'rous

Flame,

Enlarg'd my Soul, and urg'd me on to Fame;

Nor Fame, nor Wealth, my soften'd Heart

could move,

My Heart, insensible to all but Love!

Snatch'd

62 *The Luscious Poet :*

Snatch'd from my self, my Learning tasteless
grew,
And vain, Philosophy, oppos'd to you.

A Train of Woes we mourn ; nor should
we mourn,

The Hours that cannot, ought not, to return ;
As once to Love, I sway'd thy yielding Mind,
Too fond, alas ! too fatally inclin'd !
To Virtue now let me thy Breast inspire,
And fan, with Zeal divine, the holy Fire ;
Teach you to injur'd Heav'n, all chang'd to turn,
And bid thy Soul with sacred Raptures burn.
O that my own Example could impart
This noble Warmth to thy soft trembling

Heart !
That mine, with pious undissembled Care,
Might aid the latent Virtue struggling there !
Alas, I rave ! nor Grace, nor Zeal divine,
Burns in a Breast o'erwhelm'd with Crimes like
mine :

Too sure I find (whilst I the fortune prove
Of feeble Piety, conflicting Love)
On black Despair, my forc'd Devotion built,
Absence, to me, has greater Pangs than Guilt,

Ah ! yet, my *Eloise*, thy Charms I view,
Yet my Sighs break, and my Tears flow for
you ;
Each weak Resistance stronger knits my Chain,
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent in vain !

Haste

Or, Venus's Miscellany. 63

Haste *Eloisa*, haste thy Lover free,
Amidst thy warmer Pray'rs, O think of me!
Wing with thy rising Zeal my grov'ling Mind,
And let me Mine, from thy Repentance find:
Ah! labour, strive, thy Love, thy self controul,
The Change will sure affect my kindred Soul:
In blest Concert our purer Sighs shall grieve,
And, Heav'n assisting, shall our Crimes forgive
But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
Fainly th' unequal Combat you sustain:
If not to Heaven you feel your Bosom rise,
Nor Tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your Eyes;
If still thy Heart thy wonted Passions move,
And thy Tongue prompts thy tender Soul to
Love;
Deaf to the weak Essays of living Breath,
Attend the stronger Eloquence of Death.

When that kind Pow'r this captive Soul
shall free,
(Which, only then, can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal Sleep,
The *Paraclete* my peaceful Urn shall keep;
Then *Eloisa*, then, thy Lover view,
See, these quench'd Eyes, no longer fix'd on
you,
From their dead Orbs that tender Uttrance
flown,
Which first on Yours my Heart's soft Tales
made known.

This

64 *The Luscious Poet :*

This Breath no more, at length, to Ease consign'd

Pant, like light Aspines quiv'ring with the Wind ;

See, all my wild tumultuous Passions o'er,
 And thou, amazing Scene! belov'd no more;
 Behold the destin'd End of human Love,
 But let the Sight thy Zeal alone improve ;
 Let not thy conscious Soul, with Sorrow mov'd,
 Recal how much, how tenderly you lov'd !
 With pious Care thy fruitless Grief restrain,
 Nor let a Tear thy sacred Veil prophane ;
 Nor e'en a Sigh on my cold Urn bestow,
 But let thy Breath with sacred Rapture glow ;
 Let Love divine, frail mortal Love, dethrone,
 And to thy Mind immortal Joys make known ;
 Let Heav'n, relenting, strike thy ravish'd View,
 And still the bright, the blest Pursuit, renew :
 So, with thy Crimes, shall thy Misfortunes
 cease,
 And thy wreck'd Soul be calmly hush'd to
 Peace.

